

### A LEVEL HEADED GIRL

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I was only twenty-four years old and yet I had been cashier of the big dry goods house of Thomas & Co. for five years. One of the department managers—a cousin of Thomas, named Yorke—had been friendly with me all this time, and he was looked upon by all as a pattern of morality.

One busy afternoon Mr. Thomas gave me two or three extra things to do, and when it came time to make our bank deposit I had several irons in the fire at once. Trade had been rushing and sales heavy, and it so happened that about everything was cash. The sum for deposit was \$5,800, and I had just counted it when Yorke came into the office to ask about a check that had been mailed by a country customer and had not turned up.

I was in a hurry to get out the items for a statement of account wanted, and as Yorke had his hat and coat on and was evidently going out, I asked him to take the money and the book and make the deposit. I did not see him when he returned. I found the book on my desk and placed it in the safe without opening it. It was not until next forenoon that I made the discovery that no deposit had been credited the day before. I at once went upstairs to see Yorke and ask him for an explanation.

The man stood right up and denied everything. He even stated that he did not go out on the street. It so happened that no one had seen him in the office, and so it was a question of veracity. I had seven or eight years of faithful honest service to my credit. Yorke was a relative, a church member and above reproach. He denied asking me about the check or being in the office, and he lied so easily and gracefully that everybody was deceived. I was asked to resign.

I was engaged to a young lady, and one of the first results was that her father forbade me the house. I shouldn't have blamed the girl had she added a postscript to his message, but instead of that she lost no time in coming to see me at my boarding place, and there we discussed the matter in all its bearing. She was a sensible, level-headed girl, and she said: "Your story sounds all right to me, but the trouble is to make other folks believe it. He denies being in the office at all. Our first move must be to prove that he was. Can you remember of no one calling to ask questions or to use the telephone at about the time he was there?"

"No. Hold on a minute. Yes, I do remember. I am almost sure that Harry Johnson was in and telephoned about a horse, but the matter had entirely slipped my memory."

"Then lose no time in finding him." When I started to look him up I found that Johnson was in a city 250 miles away. Next day I walked in on him. He hadn't heard of my trouble, and I hadn't finished telling my story when he interrupted me with:

"No use going any further, my boy. While I stood with the trumpet at my ear I saw you hand Yorke the money and the book, and I heard you say that he had only time to reach the bank."

Johnson's statement was put in the form of an affidavit, and I returned home rejoicing that my disgrace had been removed.

"You have hardly begun yet," observed the level-headed girl, as she finished reading the document. "This satisfies me, but it won't satisfy the firm. Johnson is a friend of yours, and they will argue that he is trying to help you out."

"But what else can we do?" I asked.

"Trap the thief. We know that he has a bank account, but he is too sharp to deposit any of the stolen money as soon as this. His boarding house is in Vine street. I believe that a search of his rooms would discover the money. Can you remember the denomination of any of the bills?"

"There was a good deal of small money, but there was one \$500 bill. It did not come from a customer, but I changed it for Slater, the druggist. It was a brand new treasury note, and he said he got it from Williams, the real-estate man."

While I set out to trace the bill the girl started to investigate Yorke further. Knowing that he had a sister in a distant town, she provided herself with a travelling bag and drove up to the house in a hack, and claiming to be the sister come on a brief visit she was passed up to Yorke's room. She found that money in ten minutes' search. It wasn't hidden away in closet or between the mattresses or under the carpet, but between the covers of a big Bible ostentatiously displayed on a center table. An hour later she met me to say:

"Now you go to Mr. Thomas and show him the affidavit. Then apply for a search warrant and have it served right away. Inside of two hours your name will be cleared, and Yorke will be a much astonished man."

Mr. Thomas was a bit surprised at my call. He was a good deal more surprised when I handed him the affidavit and told him about the \$500 bill and added that I should apply for a search warrant. It took the officer an hour and a half to find the money, as he was given no hint of its location. I met him at the store, and there was a very solemn meeting in the manager's room.

Yorke was called downstairs and shown the affidavit and made acquainted with the result of the search. I expected he would face the charge as boldly as he had faced me, but the thing came so suddenly that he had no time to work up his nerve.

I got my place back, and am holding

it yet, and the father of the level-headed girl has no complaint against me as a son-in-law. M. QUAD.

### London's First City Directory.

The first directory dates from 1593, Queen Elizabeth's reign. A copy of it is in the British museum, entitled "The Names of All Such Gentlemen of Accounts as Were Residing Within the City of London."

The next does not seem to have appeared for nearly a hundred years. It was called "A Collection of the Names of Merchants Living In and About the City of London." This was printed for Lee, Lombard street, in 1677. The names were arranged alphabetically, 1,790 in number. In a separate list were the names of no fewer than forty-four bankers under the heading "Goldsmiths Who Keep Running Cashes," twenty-three of them being then in Lombard street. This book contains the name of the father of Pope, the poet.

The first directory, expressly so called, was compiled by Brown in 1732, who soon issued it annually and realized through it a large fortune. The earliest postoffice directory appeared in 1800 and successive volumes have been brought out yearly ever since.—London Telegraph.

### Saved His Dignity.

One of the chief men in the early history of Weston, Mass., was Francis Fullam, commonly known as Squire Fullam. He was justice of the peace and one of the pillars of the church and on Sundays always sat, with his eyes fixed upon the minister as if conscious of being a worthy example to the rest of the congregation. One Sabbath morning during Parson Woodward's sermon an old colored woman in the gallery fell asleep and tumbled off the bench to the floor, making a loud noise. Squire Fullam, who was rather deaf, knew that something unusual had occurred, and, feeling the dignity of his position as justice of the peace, he rose to his feet and called out:

"Stop, reverend sir!"

Mr. Woodward ceased speaking, and the old squire said in stentorian tones:

"If any one has discharged a gun in this meeting house, let him be brought before me tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock."

Some one explained to him the cause of the disturbance, and he added:

"If what I thought had happened, what I said was right. Proceed, reverend sir."

Thereupon Mr. Woodward resumed his discourse, and the service proceeded as usual.

### Too Rich For the Blood.

A tall, rawboned, country looking fellow wandered into a Seattle restaurant recently and diffidently took a seat, removing his hat and carefully putting it under the table. A waiter brought him a bill of fare and waited for some time, but, becoming tired, left the fellow carefully studying the list in front of him. Every time the waiter came near him he was still buried in a perusal of the bill of fare, and at length, at the end of nearly half an hour, arose to depart. "What is the matter, sir?" anxiously queried the waiter, thinking that the patron had been offended. "Too steep for me, young feller. I can't pay \$28.45 for one meal. It's too rich for my blood." On the table at which the man had been seated was found a small piece of paper covered with figures. He had added together the prices of everything on the bill of fare.

### Hot Water as a Cure.

No domestic remedy can equal hot water in cases of congestion of the lungs, rheumatism or sore throat if tried promptly and thoroughly. An acute attack of croup will be usually relieved in ten minutes if a towel or strip of flannel folded lengthwise and dipped into hot water, then slightly wrung out, be placed around the neck of the sufferer and covered so as to retain the heat. The same placed over the seat of pain will in most cases quickly give relief in neuralgia and toothache and laid over the stomach acts like magic in attacks of colic. Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the back of the neck and to the feet.

### Story of Ganymede's Birth.

A college professor while giving an examination in mythology in a country school called upon a bright looking girl and asked the following question: "Who was Ganymede?"

Promptly came the answer, "Ganymede was the son of Olympus and an eagle."

The class teacher blushed for her pupil and exclaimed: "Why, Elizabeth, where did you learn that?"

"Indeed it says so in the book," replied the girl.

The professor then asked the girl to find the place and read the paragraph aloud, whereupon the class was both astonished and delighted to learn that Ganymede was borne to Olympus by an eagle.—Lippincott's.

## Pears'

"The pale complexion of true love" assumes a warmer tint by the use of Pears' Soap.

Sold all over the globe.

# Mammoth Sale of Ladies' and Children's Undermuslins.

Begins Monday, January 30, at 9 o'clock a.m.

AT

## Foard & Stokes Co.

We have been fortunate in securing for this city the exclusive sale of Undermuslins made by one of the largest and best known manufacturers of popular priced undergarments in the country. This sale will be the best prepared from every standpoint that has ever occurred in Astoria. No such grand collection of Women's and Children's Superior Made Underwear has ever been placed on the retail counters of this city. Immense quantities, varieties and assortments, different than all or any other store can offer. We shall tell you in the quality of the goods, and cleanliness and purity and their speaking prices what must perforce be omitted here. The following illustrations will give our customers a hint of these remarkable offerings. See Large Window Display.

<p><b>Lot 1.</b></p> <p>Includes values just as you see them pictured only better. They would sell in the regular way at from 20c to 35c; commencing Monday you get your pick for, each</p> <p><b>12 1-2c.</b></p>	<p><b>Lot 4</b></p> <p><b>59c</b></p>  <p>These pictures give but a hint of the great values offered in this sale. Chances like this are seldom found. Take your choice.</p>	<p><b>Lot 2.</b></p> <p>Is composed of Corset Covers, Drawers, Children's and Misses' Waists and Gowns. The making alone is worth the price we are asking for the whole garment. Take your pick at, each</p> <p><b>19c.</b></p>
<p><b>Lot 3.</b></p> <p>Is composed of Ladies' Gowns, Chemise Drawers and Corset Covers. Such values as these you can fully comprehend only after you have seen them. Come and take a look. Your pick, at a garment</p> <p><b>29c.</b></p>	<p><b>Lot 1</b></p> <p><b>12 1/2c</b></p> <p><b>Lot 5</b></p> <p><b>79c</b></p> <p><b>Lot 2</b></p> <p><b>19c</b></p>  <p>Can you afford to wait time making your garments afford it? Buy them there cost. Come and see the goods.</p>	<p><b>Lot 4.</b></p> <p>Is similar to Lot 3, only there's more of them. What's the use of you making your own garment when such prices as these prevail. Your pick for</p> <p><b>59c.</b></p>
<p><b>Lot 5.</b></p> <p>This lot alone should be sufficient to send you hurrying to our store, and that's what you'll have to do if you get in on the ground floor. Values that two months ago we couldn't buy for \$1.25 we are selling to you now at, your pick for</p> <p><b>79c.</b></p>	<p><b>Lot 6</b></p> <p><b>\$1.18</b></p>  <p>Latest styles and shapes. If you fail to supply yourself now, you won't get another chance. Take a few while they last.</p>	<p><b>Lot 6.</b></p> <p>The grandest and best assortment of all are pure, clean, union-made garments. Style quality and price, all combined, go to make this what it is—the most stupendous value giving assortment ever offered by any merchant. They're worth up to \$3.00; take your pick at, a garment</p> <p><b>\$1.18.</b></p>
<p><b>Lot 3.</b></p> <p><b>29c</b></p>	<p><b>Lot 3</b></p> <p><b>29c</b></p>  <p>A triumph of modern industry. Take as many garments in this assortment as you wish, except the gowns. Only one to a customer.</p>	<p><b>Lot 6.</b></p>

Sale commences on Monday next. Don't wait too long, a few days at the most will clean them out.

# Foard & Stokes Co., Astoria, Oregon.

**The Modern Laundry**

Discard the use of leaky wooden wash tubs, quit carrying clean water in and wash water out, by fitting your Laundry with

**"Standard" Laundry Trays**

If your Laundry is not modern, don't you think it should be? If you make it so, the household duties will be pleasantly performed, and in case you wish to sell your home it will increase the selling value. Let us give you prices.



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